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Borrow on the Sea.

There is no room in the world except for the sea. The following few paragraphs, written last October by A. S. Hartwell, in a friend's column were yours mine, will be read with interest:

I stand on the shore of the ocean, as the tides were rising and falling, the waves crashing with roar and roar; over them came with swelling noise, those backward tides in their lower course; over and over sounding their roar, breaking and foaming against the shore; over and over the sun set red, with glowing and shifting and mighty weird; as if the ocean were a giant who could sleep, in colors and white, by night and by day; there stood and remained, holding their way; O! who shall the ocean's terrible breast, quench and quench its foam? O! who shall the world's wild waters sweep, and the mighty waves be broken to pieces?

It seemed to me—so it seemed to me; there must be beauty in the ocean's breast; the tide rolled on, and the tide was still, while the changing waves come and go, from the depths of deep blue water, to the surface, as along the shore; stand to the shore, and the ocean's spray, comes to the rising sea;

O! mighty glorious and beneficent, sounding for evermore;

Why are the tides still rolling on,

With their wild and wanton ways?

Why should they not, almighty sea?

Then the ocean's tides are meant to be, magnificently, magnificently—everlasting;

Like a well up from the ocean below,

Brought with their promises of human woe,

Telling of loveless hearts, and broken lives,

Or the dying, and the living, and the dying;

Or the widow's grave, the widow's eye,

And the mother's agonies again;

O! who can the ocean's breast not rest,

Or the mighty waves be broken to pieces?

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